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MAY / JUNE 2023

THE TRAILBLAZERS ISSUE

FIGHTING FOR JUSTICE
JUDGING AMERICA'S MILITARY COURTS

CREATIVE VISIONARY
PHOTOGRAPHER ANNELI ADOLFSSON

with
LEXI CHEY
+
ALICE IRVING

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Founded March 1965 by BOB GUCCIONE

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KEEPING true to the spirit of Bob Guccione, *Penthouse*'s innovative founder, we're celebrating free spirits in The Trailblazers Issue. The Gooch taught the world there's much to be gained by bucking convention and forging your own path, and the talents featured in our pages have certainly done the same.

Legendary singer Willie Nelson is this issue's Man of the Moment (page 18). The Red Headed Stranger has made an indelible mark on music, but this forward-thinking icon has also made America a better place by advocating for family farms and championing the legalization of cannabis.

Anneli Adolfsson has photographed some of the biggest names in rock, including Marilyn Manson, KISS's Gene Simmons and ZZ Top's Billy Gibbons, and gorgeous Penthouse Pets, such as Julie Strain and Jenna Jameson. But no matter her subject, Anneli knows how to deliver memorable images. Turn to page 28 to read about this visionary artist and see some of her outstanding work.

This issue, we're also shining a spotlight on incredible organizations dedicated to wiping out child sex trafficking—Thorn and Kids Not For Sale (page 50). The work these groups do is nothing short of heroic, and the world is a better place for their efforts.

On page 7, you'll find *Penthouse* magazine's first-ever Trivia Edition Crossword Puzzle. So sharpen your pencil and test your wits!

No issue of *Penthouse* would be complete without pictorials featuring the globe's most gorgeous women. Adventurous Lexi Chey is our May Pet of the Month (page 54) and displays her sparkling personality and stunning figure. Sophisticated Alice Irving is our June Pet of the Month (page 76) and shows she has both beauty and brains. Cyber Cutie Frida Klein (page 10) will captive you with her beguiling smile and beautiful bod. Instagram sensation Oliwia Hammer is our Social Premier (page 20), and we think you'll agree she makes quite the impression. We also catch up with Penthouse Pet Nicole Vaunt (page 36), who shares photos and stories from her adventures in Iceland. And turn to page 40 to check out pictures of some of the lovely ladies from PenthouseCams.com, who raised the temperature during their visit to Thailand.

Enjoy!

THE PENTHOUSE TEAM

PENTHOUSE

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The best and worst of our readers' fantasies for your enjoyment

MANYVIDS
FT. Eva Lovia

CROSSWORD

TRIVIAL PURSUITS

DON'T BE PUZZLED—THE ANSWERS ARE AT YOUR FINGERTIPS!

BY SAM PHILLIPS AND MICHAEL KERNER

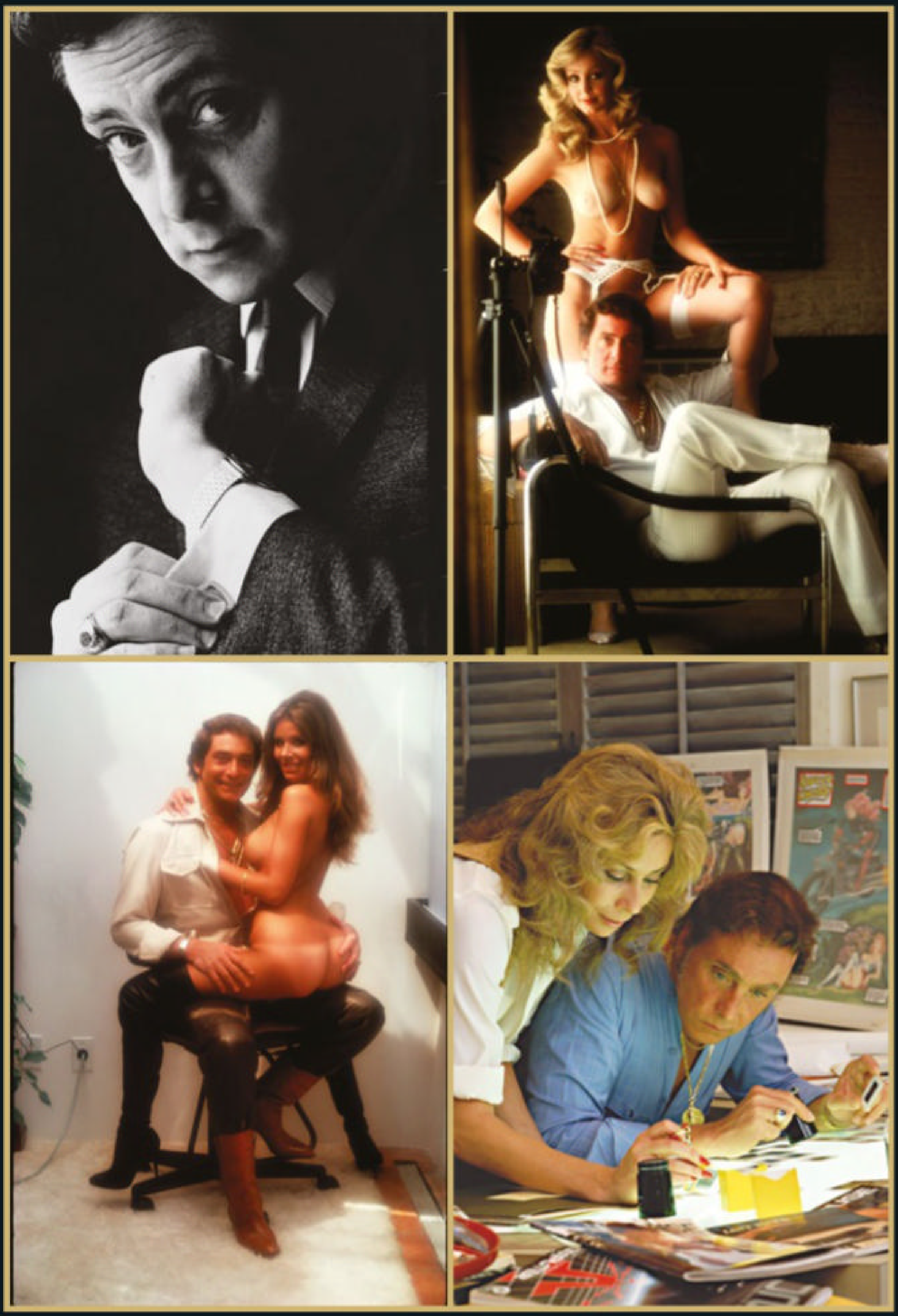
GROWING up, I used to watch my Uncle Mike do the crossword puzzle in the local paper every Sunday. That was his thing. He loved to do it and was really good at it. Me? I hadn't ever completed a crossword in my life. Either I didn't know all of the answers, or I didn't understand some of the clues, so those attempted puzzles of mine went unfinished.

My uncle came to visit recently. He was sitting doing his crossword, and something clicked for me. What if a puzzle was focused on a subject I knew a lot about, like *Penthouse* magazine or Bob Guccione? And what if the answers were super easy to find—or even provided somewhere? I'd definitely complete that puzzle!

Inspired, Uncle Mike and I did a deep dive on the internet, looking up every cool factoid we could find about *Penthouse* and Bob that could be used as a question and cross-referenced for an answer. What we found will absolutely blow your mind!

The result is *Penthouse* magazine's first-ever Trivia Edition Crossword Puzzle. If the answers don't immediately come to mind, put your head together with a friend. After all, two is always better than one. But if you're still stumped, you'll find the answers on page 75 of this very issue!

I promise when you've completed this puzzle, you'll know more about the illustrious history of our Penthouse brand and the iconic man who created it all, Bob Guccione.



Across

2) Hardcore work of this legendary artist of Alien's fame was featured in Penthouse.

4) Kathy Keeton and Bob Guccione published ____ magazine, an anti-aging, health and wellness magazine, which launched in the United States in 1989.

7) Name the Penthouse Pet of the Century.

9) Who was the first celebrity on the cover of Penthouse magazine in July 1979?

10) Last name of the martial artist and action film star who appeared on the cover of Penthouse in August 1992.

15) Bob Guccione personally financed research to build a ____ cold fusion reactor in the '80s.

16) Name the June 1993 Penthouse Pet and star of Phantasm 2, who is the current photo editor of Penthouse magazine.

19) Bob Guccione produced what 1979 historical erotic epic, which is described as the most controversial film of all time?

20) What is a common nickname for Bob Guccione?

22) Name the July 2007 Pet of the Month, who found mainstream fame by starring in director Steven Soderbergh's The Girlfriend Experience.

29) In 1985, Bob Guccione invested in a music magazine called ____, and his son Bob Jr. became the founding editor and publisher.

33) In 1969, Penthouse was published in the United States to compete with ____ magazine.

35) This four-time Grammy Award-winning band famous for the song "Walk This Way" appeared on the July 1993 cover of Penthouse magazine.

37) The Penthouse Boardwalk and Casino was a proposed hotel and casino that was to be built in ____, New Jersey in the '70s.

38) Which Baywatch star's honeymoon photos were printed in the pages of Penthouse magazine's June 1996 issue?

43) Penthouse published a short-lived comic book spin-off entitled Penthouse ____, which featured sexually explicit stories.

45) Which actor from the movie A Clockwork Orange also starred in Caligula?

47) Which Bill Clinton accuser had pictures published in Penthouse?

48) Which former professional boxer with a grill business was on the cover of Penthouse in June 1992?

50) Name the "1X" car driver sponsored by Penthouse in the World of Outlaws sprint car series.

52) Name the automotive magazine that Bob Guccione sold to Petersen Publishing Company in 1999.

55) In March 1970, Penthouse showed the first glimpse of a ____ on the cover.

57) In 2010, what was the cause of Bob Guccione's death in Plano, Texas?

60) Penthouse was the first men's magazine to publish female pubic ____ on its pages.

62) Bob Guccione branched out into Hollywood by investing money into the film ____.

64) The magazine of sexual marvels, Penthouse ____, brings you our readers' own sizzling tales of forbidden desires, insatiable needs and unspoken lusts, as well as erotic fiction.

67) Name the founder of Penthouse magazine.

68) The Penthouse brand logo that incorporates the Mars and Venus symbols in its design is called the stylized ________.

69) Name the science/science fiction magazine that Kathy Keeton founded in 1978 with Bob Guccione, the publisher of Penthouse magazine.

71) Whose short story "Children of the Corn" was first published in Penthouse magazine in March 1977?

72) Name of Vogue magazine's current editor-in-chief, who Bob Guccione had hired as fashion editor of his women's periodical Viva.

73) Bob Guccione was born in ____, New York.

74) Name the German supermodel who appeared on the cover of Penthouse magazine in December 1993.

75) Name the star of the film The Naked Gun, who appeared on the cover of Penthouse magazine in August 1993.

Down

1) Which 28-year-old singer and actress stripped off for Penthouse magazine in a patriotic shoot photographed by publisher Bob Guccione in 1983?

3) Name the Pulitzer Prize-winning author who penned the original script for the X-rated epic Caligula.

5) Which Penthouse Pet of the Year once entered the mayoral race in Toronto?

6) What female Academy Award winner starred in the movie Caligula?

8) Which late editor of GQ magazine served as the editor-in-chief of Penthouse magazine from 1976 to 1977?

9) Name the lead singer of the New Wave band Blondie, who was on the cover of Penthouse magazine in February 1980.

11) What was the real name of Penthouse Pet of the Month Joann Witty, who went on to television sitcom fame playing Terri Alden on Three's Company?

12) Mark Wahlberg went by the name ____ on the March 1993 cover of Penthouse magazine.

13) Penthouse ____ is filled with titillating stories and readers' first-hand accounts of their kinkiest sexual experiences.

14) The name of the presidential mistress who told all–and showed all–in the December 1992 issue of Penthouse is Gennifer ____.

16) Name the first Asian Pet of the Month, who appeared in January 1981 and starred in the movie Big Trouble in Little China.

17) In September 1985, Penthouse was the first magazine to publish nudes of this iconic singer/actress known as the Material Girl.

18) Which notorious ice skater's wedding night video outtakes were featured in Penthouse in September 1994?

19) Name the supermodel famous for her face mole who graced the cover of Penthouse magazine in February 1993.

21) Name the youngest heavyweight champion in history who appeared on the cover of Penthouse magazine in May 1993.

23) Name the Penthouse Pet of the Year for 2004, who is considered by many to be the world's most famous adult performer and the Queen of Porn.

24) This stand-up comedian known for his dark, neurotic and self-deprecating humor appeared on the cover of Penthouse magazine in October 1993.

25) Whose manifesto did Penthouse publish in October 1995?

26) Bob Guccione considered but ultimately rejected which vocation?

27) Penthouse Variations was the first magazine to publish an unknown erotic writer named A.N. Roquelaure, aka ____.

28) Name the actor, comedian and composer who starred in the movie 10 and appeared on the cover of the April 1992 issue of Penthouse magazine.

30) Last name of the Penthouse Pet of the Year Runner-Up for 1990, who was the nurse on the cover of the Blink-182 album Enema of the State

31) Bob Guccione sold his country house in Staatsburg, New York, to Pulp Fiction actress ____.

32) Name the 2015 Penthouse Pet of the Year Runner-Up who was cast as Dylan Quinn in the Showtime series Submission.

34) Frequency that Penthouse magazine currently is published.

35) Bob Guccione amassed an amazing ____collection over the years, which was once appraised at $59 million.

36) Name the former professional basketball player who was on the cover of Penthouse magazine in December 2005 and briefly changed his name to Metta World Peace.

39) Name the 1983 Penthouse Pet of the Year who came in third place on season nine of the reality show Big Brother.

40) Stephen Hawking bet fellow physicist Kip Thorne a year's subscription to Penthouse magazine over the existence of what cosmic object?

41) Which radio shock jock appeared on the cover of Penthouse Magazine in September 1992 and April 1997?

42) Which Miss America was forced to give up her crown in 1984 after her pictures appeared in Penthouse?

43) Name the Penthouse Pet of the Year who starred in Spring Break and was married to Wiseguy actor Ken Wahl.

44) What was Bob Guccione famous for wearing?

46) Name the stand-up comic actor known as The Diceman who was on the cover of the April 1991 issue of Penthouse.

49) Which actor played Bob Guccione on the Hulu series Pam & Tommy?

51) This woman, who served as president of production of Paramount Studios and president of Columbia TriStar Pictures, got her start at Penthouse, where she was merchandising director from 1967 to 1975.

53) Bob Guccione Jr. published a magazine featuring gadgets, girls and sports, which was called ____ magazine.

54) Name the Italian film director and screenwriter who directed Caligula.

56) Penthouse magazine centerfold models are known as Penthouse ____.

58) Name the star of TV's Two and a Half Men, who appeared on the cover of Penthouse in January 1993.

59) The breed of dog owned by Bob Guccione was the Rhodesian ____.

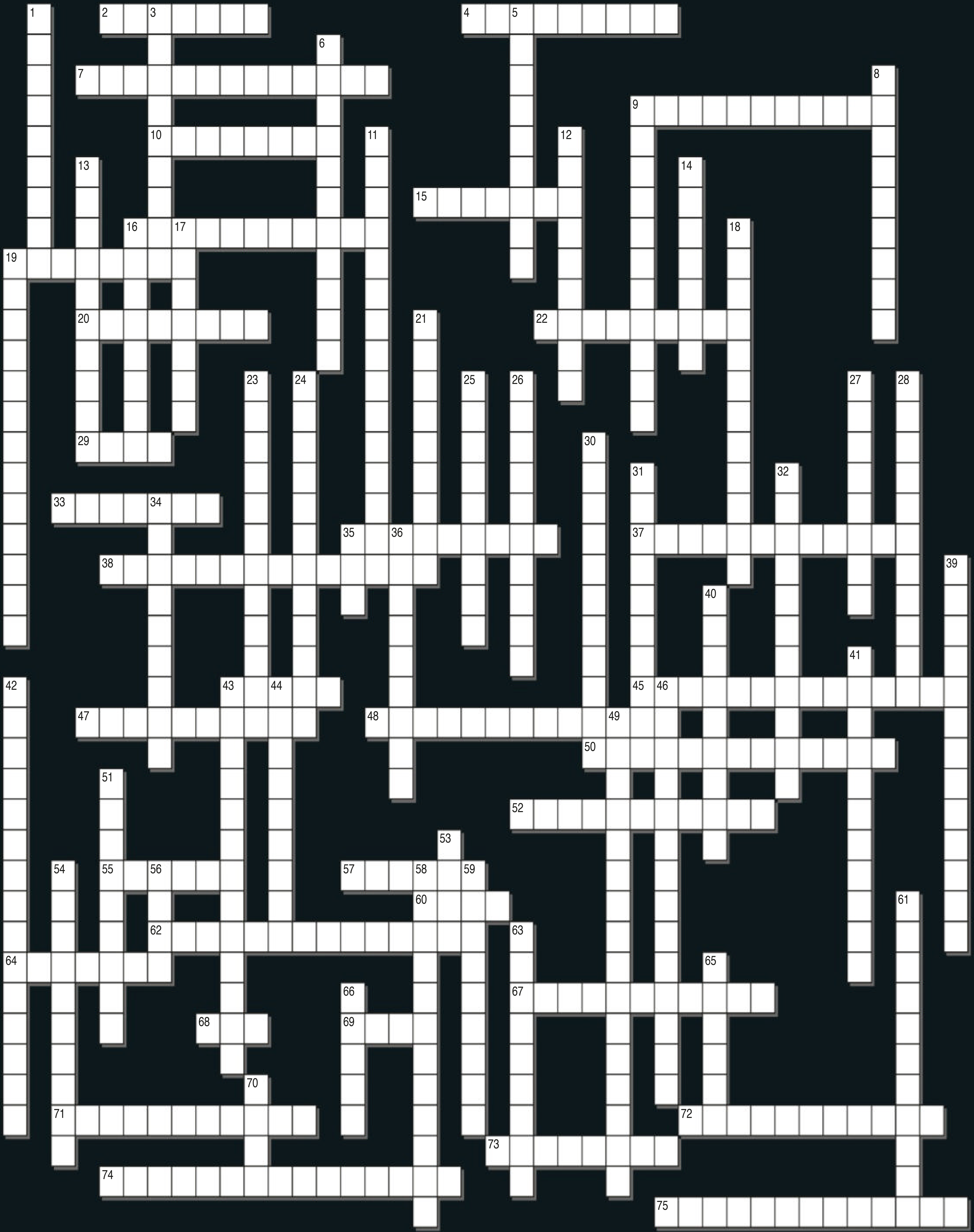
61) This legendary comedian is famous for playing God in three films and appeared on two Penthouse magazine covers with Vanessa Williams.

63) The name of the rivalry between Penthouse and Playboy during the '60s and '70s, which was a pun on the Punic Wars.

65) In what city was Penthouse magazine established in 1965?

66) Penthouse _____ was started in March 1968 and featured reader letters, articles on health, medicine, psychology and social relationships.

70) Name the International Magazine for Women that Bob Guccione and Kathy Keeton published from 1973 to 1980.



SCREEN SIREN

FRIDA KLEIN

PENTHOUSE CAMS

Frida Klein

FRIDA KLEIN

COQUETTISH camgirl Frida Klein is charismatic and captivating. The beguiling brunette is an expert in the art of seduction, and her moves never fail to mesmerize. Our Cyber Cutie delved into the adult entertainment world to indulge her curiosity and quickly discovered how much she enjoys performing. “It was a wonderful surprise to realize how pleasurable it is for me,” Frida confides. “Becoming a camgirl was definitely the best decision of my life!”

When Frida is not online, she keeps her fabulous figure fit by going to the gym and swimming. But she also knows how to kick back and have fun. If she’s not out on the town, Frida is happy to spend some quiet time solo. Some of her favorite ways to relax include meditation, reading, going to the spa and being outdoors. Read on to learn more about this gorgeous model, who is beautiful both inside and out.

What kind of person do you find attractive?
I love a man with an intelligent and daring mind. Someone who has fantasies he’s craving to fulfill—and who’s also willing to make my wishes come true.

What do you consider romantic?
Attention, seduction, roses, gifts, sweet words and surprises. But it can be something as simple as sharing quality time together, such as watching a movie, having dinner, eating ice cream or drinking wine.

What is the most remarkable sexual experience you have ever had?
I fulfilled one of my biggest fantasies, which was to be with several guys in a place where other people could see us!

What’s the greatest number of orgasms you’ve had in a single day?
Six—but I’d gladly try to top that! ●

AGE: 22
HEIGHT: 5’4”
MEASUREMENTS: 32B-24-37
NATIVE COUNTRY: Colombia
TWITTER: @Fridaklein0
INSTAGRAM: @Frida_Klein0
WEBSITE: frida-klein.flirt4free.com

FREE SPIRIT

COUNTRY SINGER WILLIE NELSON IS AN AMERICAN ORIGINAL

LEGENDARY singer Willie Nelson keeps getting better with age. This year, the Red Headed Stranger, 90, scored two Grammy Award wins—best country album for *A Beautiful Time* and best country solo performance for "Live Forever" from *Live Forever: A Tribute to Billy Joe Shaver*. And in March, the country crooner released *I Don't Know a Thing About Love*, his 73rd solo studio album. But his most recent record is also a nostalgic look back at his storied past. Its ten tracks—including the lead single "Busted"—were all written by the late Harlan Howard, who gave Willie his first job as a songwriter at the publishing company Pamper Music.

Before Willie took up the mantle as one of the main figures in outlaw country music—a subgenre which emerged in the late '60s in defiance of conservative Nashville—he was writing tunes that have since become classics. Roy Orbison made it into the Top 10 of Billboard's Adult Contemporary Chart with Willie's "Pretty Paper," and Patsy Cline immortalized his composition "Crazy" by making it her signature song.

Willie emerged as one of the most dynamic talents in country during the '70s as he forged his own path away from the bright lights of Tennessee's Music City.

"When I left Nashville, I went to Texas because that's where I came from," he explains. "I was playing in Texas a lot in different places. And I saw hippies and rednecks drinking beer together and smoking dope together and having a good time together, and I knew it was possible to get all groups of people together—long hair, short hair, no hair—and music would bring them together."

Willie says, "I called Waylon Jennings and I said: 'Waylon, you need to get down to Austin because it's really happening here. There are people here with hair dragging the ground that will love your music.' He laughed a little bit, then he came down and found out I was telling the truth."

During the '80s, Willie became a crossover success with the well-known hits "Always on My Mind," "On the Road Again" and "To All the Girls I've Loved Before," his duet with Julio Iglesias.

Throughout his career, Willie has also proven himself to be a champion of individualism—and a forward-thinking cultural icon.

In 1985, Willie—along with Neil Young and John Mellencamp—organized the first Farm Aid concert to shine a spotlight on the plight of struggling American farmers and raise funds to keep families on their land. The nonprofit Farm Aid organization is still going strong and doing its part to help farmers thrive.

Though the outlaw label originally applied to Willie's music, the maverick has had a colorful history that has occasionally landed him in hot water.

Willie saw his assets seized in 1990 when the Internal Revenue Service (IRS) claimed he owed $32 million in back taxes. Two years later, he released the cheekily titled double-album *The IRS Tapes: Who'll Buy My Memories?* The record's sales—along with an auction of his seized property—helped him settle his negotiated debt with the feds.

But there was one item that was not part of the notorious auction—his beloved acoustic guitar, Trigger. The Martin N-20, which is named in honor of Roy Rogers' horse, was the only thing Willie rescued from the inferno that destroyed his home in Ridgetop, Tenn., in 1969. The instrument is covered with autographs from country greats—including fellow outlaw legends Johnny Cash and Kris Kristofferson—and has a hole worn in it from the musician's pick. But when Willie was tangling with the IRS, he asked his daughter Lana to take Trigger out of his Texas home and ship it to him in Hawaii, and it remained out of sight until his tax troubles were put to bed.

Known for his affinity for marijuana and his efforts toward its legalization, Willie also notched multiple arrests for possession—but he never saw his freedom go up in smoke.

The "Roll Me Up and Smoke Me When I Die" singer even credits cannabis with saving him. Willie claims his life would have been much shorter "if I'd have kept drinking and smoking like I was when I was 30, 40 years old."

He shares, "I think that weed kept me from wanting to kill people," and it "probably kept a lot of people from wanting to kill me, too—out there drunk, running around."

Willie doesn't toke anymore and reveals, "I have abused my lungs quite a bit in the past, so breathing is a little more difficult these days and I have to be careful." But he launched Willie's Reserve—a "trailblazing line of marijuana products"—in 2016 as cannabis became legal in numerous locales. He later followed it up with Willie's Remedy, a wellness brand which features hemp cannabidiol items.

"I think people need to be educated to the fact that marijuana is not a drug," says Willie. "Marijuana is an herb and a flower. God put it here. If He put it here and He wants it to grow, what gives the government the right to say that God is wrong?"

With 25 No. 1 hits, more than 30 film appearances and a lifetime spent marching to the beat of his own drum, Willie Nelson—our man of the moment—is a true American original.

SOCIAL PREMIER

TASCHEN
eter Lindberg
A Different Vision on Fashion Photography

HAMMER TIME

OLIWIA HAMMER

PHOTOGRAPHER
GERARTE / @GERARTE

BABY

OLIWIA HAMMER

LIVING in L.A. is a dream come true for Oliwia Hammer. This issue's gorgeous Social Premier is a native of Poland who came to California by way of Las Vegas, and she's made major impressions both online and off. The admitted extrovert says, "I love socializing and meeting new people. I am a total nomad and always find myself traveling to new places."

Oliwia has a spontaneous, fun-loving personality, but this soulful stunner also has a huge heart and wants to make the world a better place. "I've always wanted to be a psychologist! I find the human brain so interesting," she shares. "Down the road, I would love to be able to help people who struggle with depression and anxiety. Mental health is such a taboo, and people feel weird talking about it. I would love to change that!"

This elegant beauty's sunny smile is enough to chase away the blues, and we readily admit her fabulous photos have definitely raised our spirits!

FAST FACTS

- Desired skill: "Psychic abilities, so I could have a better insight into what's going on in everyone's minds."
- Favorite meal: "A good fettuccine alfredo."
- Bucket list goal: "To go skydiving in a green, beautiful place like Hawaii!"
- Favorite holiday: Halloween
- Celebrity crush: Matthew McConaughey
- Favorite animal: "I think sloths are the cutest xxcreatures!"
- Her hero: "Whoever invented seat warmers."

AGE: 25
HEIGHT: 5'7"
MEASUREMENTS: 32DD-24-37
INSTAGRAM: @oliwiabby

Oliwia Hammer

WHERE THE *MAGAZINE* COMES TO *LIFE*

The PENTHOUSE Club

BALTIMORE | BATON ROUGE | NEW ORLEANS | PERTH | TAMPA

penthouseclubs.com

ANNELI ADOLFSSON

Gene Simmons

PHOTOGRAPHER Anneli Adolfsson has spent more than three decades shooting some of the world's most famous performers—including notorious rock stars and gorgeous glamour girls. But no matter her model, the Las Vegas-based shutterbug has a knack for putting subjects at ease, inspiring them with her energetic encouragement and capturing them at their best.

The native of Sweden found her life taking many turns before she wound up behind the camera. Anneli reveals she originally set her sights on a career in medicine and worked for nine months at a mental hospital—but the compassionate empath found it difficult not take the job home with her.

Later in London, she employed her knowledge of fitness and sports nutrition to work with athletes, and she toured Tokyo as a professional dancer. But when she moved to New York City with just two suitcases and a dream, her life's calling took shape.

Her intuitive awareness of human movement allowed her to shine as a camera operator covering competitive bodybuilding contests. She later struck out on her own as a photographer, landing gigs with music and men's magazines.

Anneli says her down-to-earth approach has helped her capture rock stars in relaxed moments, and her willingness to think outside the box has led to some striking portraits.

"One very memorable photo shoot was with Marilyn Manson," she recalls. "I had brought some accessories I thought would be motivating outside the standard backstage shot: an iron head cage and roses with thorns. Happy to say, that did the trick and I got the shots I needed! He was great to work with, very intellectual and quite different from his onstage persona."

Though Anneli has remained largely nonplussed by her famous subjects, she does remember being in awe of meeting KISS. She says being able to photograph the legendary band was a real "pinch me" moment!

Being a woman in a largely male-dominated profession—especially in the realms of celebrity and rock-'n'-roll—Anneli says she's long stuck to a few important ground rules: "Always stay professional, don't act like a lovestruck fan, and keep it real!"

She adds, "I always engage in conversations about life, family and pets as opposed to

Billy Gibbons

asking them the same questions they have answered a hundred times about their career. Trust and integrity are bar none the two most important factors with anyone in front of my camera."

Anneli has also photographed many Penthouse Pets—including Tera Patrick, who she considers a "world-class model," Janine Lindemulder, who she praises for her edgy look and great personality, Jenna Jameson, who she calls "the queen of queens," and late glamazon Julie Strain.

She recalls working with Julie was like shooting a movie and explains, "Every frame was a different pose and energy. You could pretty much press the shutter, fire away and magic would unfold."

Anneli reveals, "I love shooting glamour because the female body is a work of art that needs to be celebrated."

When it comes to working with adult models, Anneli says she prides herself on the ability bring out something different in them and to provide a fun and safe environment to do so. Though she admits, "Most of the time it's like a pajama party with bloopers and hysterical laughs."

Anneli believes her personal background in dancing and fitness gives her an advantage when it comes to posing models. She says, "Knowing what movement and positioning is the most flattering, knowing what arch, turn, tilt or point makes it more fantastic is an acquired skill."

In Sin City, where Anneli has a studio, her work has graced local magazine covers and billboards. She shares, "I have also been fortunate enough to work with many of the performers from the Cirque du Soleil shows here in Vegas. These talented people are inspirational, have bodies with abilities most of us can't even dream of and push harder than any model I have ever shot."

Anneli has a number of projects lined up, including a collection of highly stylized black and white images with a fetish edge. The self-admitted "tech geek" is also working on getting her drone license. While she embraces technology, this savvy artist knows machines are no substitute for human intuition and creativity!

"I do believe an amazing artist with a creative eye will truly never be replaced by technology," she says. "So let's keep real artistry alive!"

WEBSITE: anneliphoto.com
INSTAGRAM: @anneliphoto

Julie Strain

Julie Strain

YANKEE
AIR PIRATE

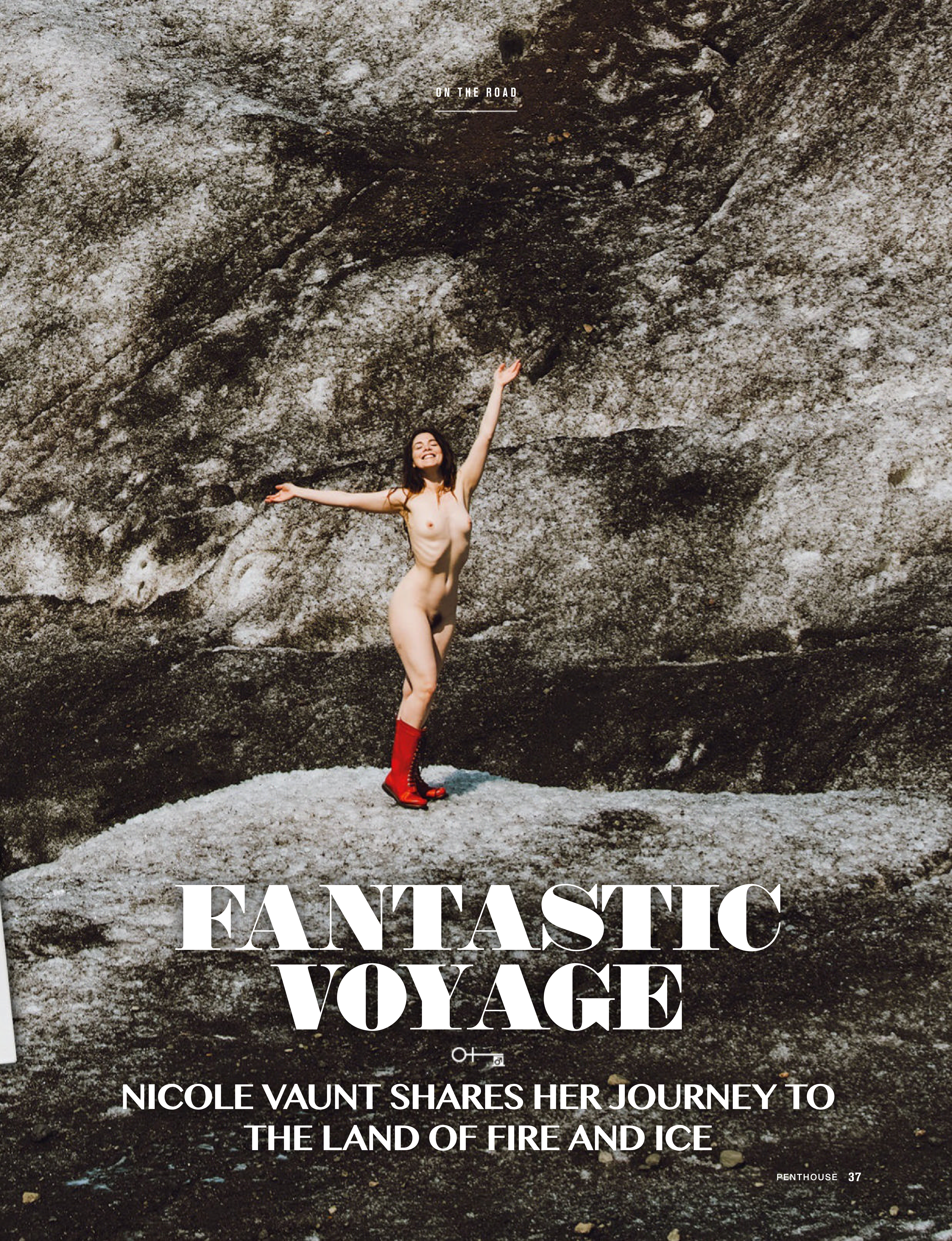
Lemmy Kilmister

Marilyn Manson

SLAVE TO THE GRIND
Youth Gone Wild

Sebastian Bach

Jenna Jameson



FANTASTIC VOYAGE

NICOLE VAUNT SHARES HER JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF FIRE AND ICE

ELOQUENT Nicole Vaunt, July 2020's Penthouse Pet, says, "Exploring the southern coast of Iceland is a dream come true. This arctic island is endlessly inspiring: the geothermal pools run blue, mist hangs heavy on the mountains and each bend in Ring Road brings you to another beautiful waterfall."

Nicole's recent visit to the Nordic nation was her third, and the blue-eyed beauty admits, "I would travel there for the magical landscape alone, but this time I had a more mischievous motive in mind—posing on and among the giant, epic icebergs!"

The provocative model says of her edgy shoots, "I love knowing I'm adjacent to danger, but conveying serenity and ease as I move fluidly through each pose."

Having grown up on the water, Nicole knows it can be as beautiful as it is deadly. "'Never turn your back on the ocean' is an old lifeguard motto for a reason, but I live for the rush of adrenaline that comes from creating in a risky environment," she explains. "I was on my toes—literally and figuratively—never forgetting the sneaker waves on the black sand beach of Reynisfjara could surge up and overtake me at any moment."

This adventurous spirit confesses she did underestimate one risk: Icelandic horses. "Don't let the locals hear you call them ponies!" she warns. "They are tiny, on average between 13 and 14 hands [which is less than 60 inches tall], but I soon realized they have a very spirited temperament!

"The first part of our shoot was easy. Sitting astride a chestnut-brown fellow, I felt calm and glorious, alternating between pretending I was Lady Godiva and a general leading her troops into battle. The trouble started when I dismounted and started posing with him and his mare. Holding the reins of both—and feeling like a winsome maid enjoying her return from the fields—I felt a sharp nip on my left arm! Apparently, Princess felt I'd gotten a little too cuddly with her mate and she needed to remind me of my place. She's an aptly named little gal. That ended the shoot, and I walked away wondering what a real bite felt like—and if I'd gotten off with just a warning!"

Next, Nicole achieved her goal of posing amid icebergs at the Jökulsárlón lagoon.

"Cold water can make immersion deadly; it drains your body heat up to four times faster than cold air. The ambient temperature on Iceland's Diamond Beach in September is 50 F, but the average temperature in the Jökulsárlón lagoon is 25 to 30 F," she says.

"I picked a favorable iceberg and waded into the water with a gasp and a laugh. In extreme environments like that it's vital to know what you're doing and do it quickly. I always check the forecast beforehand, and I'm very good at getting undressed in less than 10 seconds. Sometimes I get dressed again even more quickly!"

Nicole recalls, "Five minutes into the shoot, the sound of a glacier calving went off like a gunshot. I knew I had less than a minute to scramble back to shore because the resulting waves would toss me off my frigid perch. The light was perfect, and I wanted to continue. But I knew I shouldn't, and the photographer finally yelled, 'Don't be a hero!' I've learned to listen. No photo is worth an injury or death. My lower limbs were lobster red when I emerged, and I was carried back to where my shoes and hot chocolate were waiting.

"My feet were frigid, but I couldn't stop smiling. I did something new—something no one else has accomplished. When I climbed into bed that night, I drifted off with a deep feeling of contentment."

The next morning, Nicole awoke to the soft light of morning but lingered under the covers with a cozy wool blanket by her side that was locally knit from the "absolutely adorable sheep" dotting the entire countryside.

She says, "Aside from a few scratches and a small bruise blossoming on my thigh, I felt amazing. But there was one more thing I wanted to do before I went home, and I was glad my photographer was as happy documenting playtime as he was adventure time. ;)"

INSTAGRAM: **@vauntastic**
WEBSITE: **vauntastic.com**

Becki White

Maggie Mulligan

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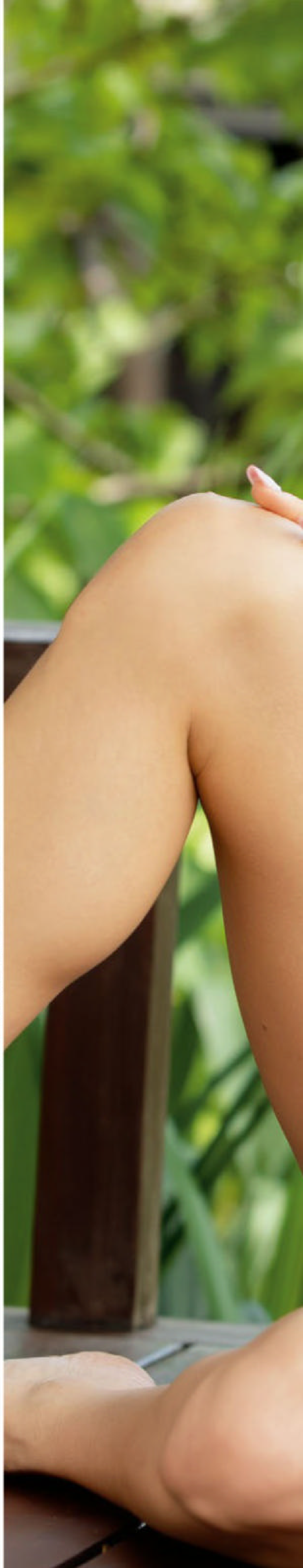

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STOPPING SEX TRAFFIC

INNOCENT KIDS ARE IN THE CROSSHAIRS OF PREDATORS—BUT THESE HEROES ARE FIGHTING BACK

MORE than 300,000 children are missing in America, according to FBI's National Crime Information Center. Some youngsters who vanish are eventually found unharmed and returned to loving families, but others are not so lucky. Experts estimate at least one in every six runaways falls victim to sex traffickers. In other heartbreaking instances, some minors are pimped out by their very own relatives or caretakers. Here at *Penthouse*, we believe there's nothing more important than protecting children, so we're shining a spotlight on organizations dedicated to combating the exploitation of minors and rescuing innocents from the clutches of cruel predators.

In 2009, *That '70s Show* actor and investor Ashton Kutcher and then-wife Demi Moore—star of movies including *Ghost* and *St. Elmo's Fire*—co-founded DNA Foundation, which was later renamed Thorn: Digital Defenders of Children (thorn.org). The California-based organization recognizes the internet plays a major role in facilitating child pornography and sexual slavery of minors—and that the vile crimes are being perpetuated on a global scale. One survey by the organization found three of every four kids who were trafficked for sex in the last decade were advertised online, and Thorn has made it their mission to harnesses technological innovation to make an impactful change.

In 2014, Thorn developed Spotlight, a product to aid the identification of child sex trafficking victims who were sold on the internet—and offered it free of charge to thousands of law enforcement offices.

Kutcher delivered impassioned testimony before Congress about modern-day slavery and his work toward ending human trafficking during a Senate Foreign Relations Committee meeting in 2017.

"The right to pursue happiness, for so many, is stripped away. It's raped. It's abused. It's taken by force, fraud or coercion. It is sold for the momentary happiness of another," he said.

Kutcher revealed Thorn's Spotlight had helped law enforcement identify trafficking victims more quickly and narrowed down investigations on the dark web from three years to three weeks!

"Technology can be used to enable slavery, but it can also be used to disable slavery," he said.

Thorn also developed the tool Safer, which is used by leading platforms including Vimeo, Flickr and Imgur. The product helps companies detect, remove and report child sexual abuse material (CSAM) through the use of advanced artificial intelligence technology.

Overall, Thorn's work has identified more than 24,000 kids to date, and their dedicated staff continues their quest to help end the scourge of child traffickers.

The U.S. Institute Against Human Trafficking (usiaht.org) is dedicated to ending sex trafficking of all ages and genders and has offices in Tampa, Washington, D.C., Las Vegas, Los Angeles and Austin.

In just one example of USIAHT's work, the nonprofit's alliance launched a far-reaching campaign ahead of the 2022 Super Bowl in Los Angeles. It raised awareness about trafficking crimes, distributed educational kits identifying signs of trafficking, provided training to hospitality and tourism workers, and coordinated with local law enforcement agencies. The alliance's efforts contributed to the rescue of 70 adult victims and eight minors.

USIAHT also launched Project: Reach Out, which uses artificial intelligence technology to scour the internet for phone numbers connected to online advertisements selling sex, texts potential victims to ask if they need assistance and offers resources and/or aid if needed.

USIAHT is also behind Kids Not For Sale (kidsnotforsale.org), which seeks to end the commercial exploitation of children in Las Vegas and Southern Nevada—and set a precedent for the rest of the U.S. Disturbingly, the organization estimates there are 5,600-plus victims of child sex trafficking in Nevada as a whole.

Sex traffickers are known to descend on U.S. cities during major events—such as the Super Bowl—to peddle victims to pervs, but experts say Las Vegas is also a regular magnet because of the area's large tourist draw. Kids Not For Sale is dedicated to inspiring community-based initiatives to combat and prevent the trafficking of minors for sex, changing legislation to promote harsher penalties for adult perpetrators and providing safe homes and treatment for traumatized victims.

One of the nonprofit's major initiatives is advocating for the passage of Nevada's Senate Bill 89. The proposed legislation would require sex traffickers attempting to lure minors—or law enforcement posing as children—to serve jail time. It also itemizes punishments which increase in severity based on the age of the traffickers' targets.

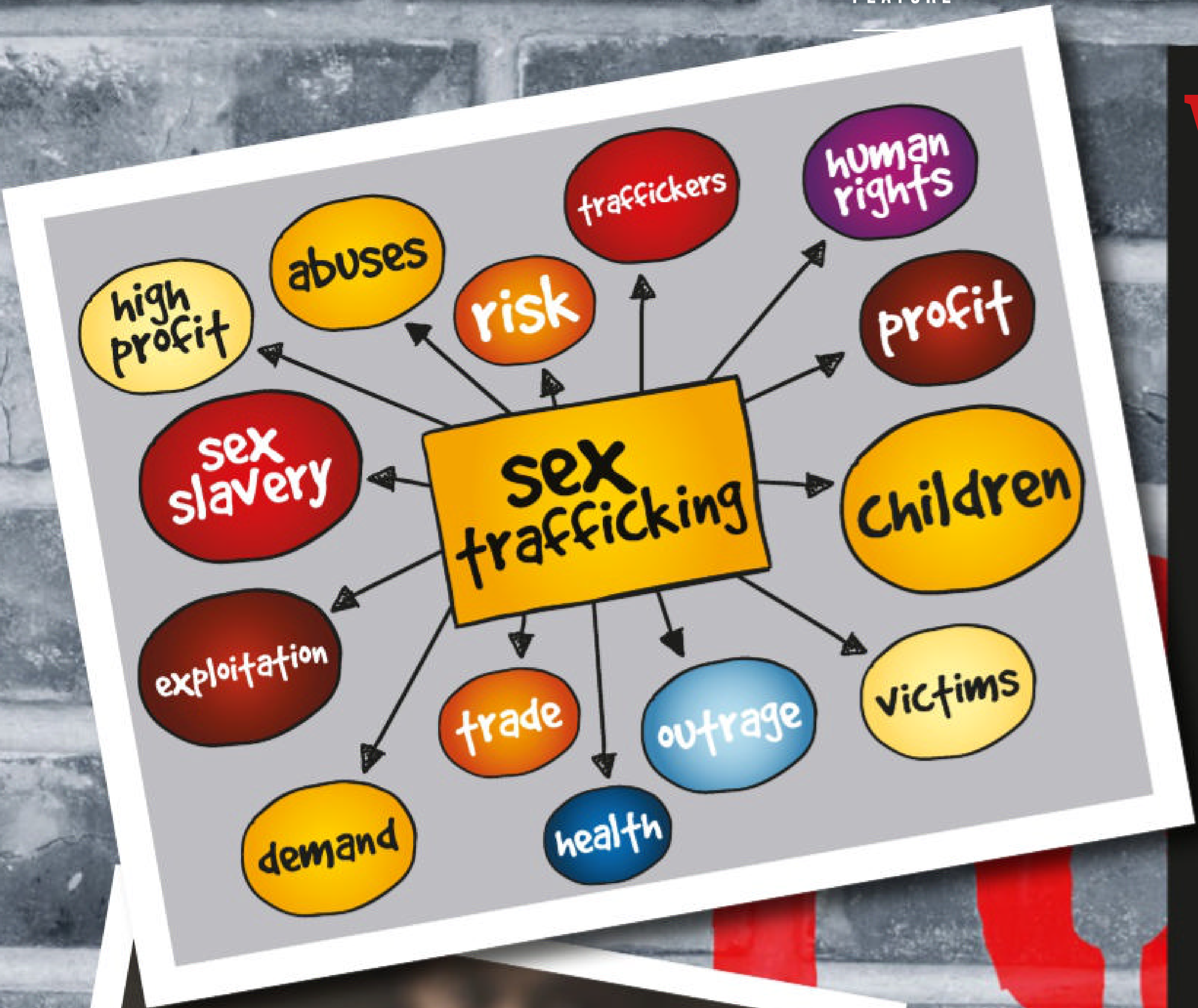
"The younger the person is—or [traffickers] believe that the individual to be—the harsher the penalties," says State Senator Heidi Seevers Gansert, of Reno's District 15.

The bill specifically adds penalties for criminals unwittingly contacting undercover officers—closing a loophole in existing laws. Under Senate Bill 89, some sex traffickers who attempt to target kids over the internet could even face Class A felonies and automatic life sentences if found guilty.

"It's well known that youth are lured into trafficking at a very early age, and we want to do everything we can to make sure that there are significant penalties," says Seevers Gansert.

The bill would also double the window for applications for aid from the Victims of Crime Fund from 24 months to 48 months.

"Those funds can be used for housing, for education, for child care, for all sorts of different things, which will help them get back on their feet," says Seevers Gansert. "And in the end, that's what we want. We want to make sure that they have extra time, because of the healing process."


sex trafficking
high profit
abuses
risk
traffickers
human rights
profit
sex slavery
Children
exploitation
trade
outrage
victims
demand
health

WARNING SIGNS

CHILDREN who are being sexually exploited need trusted adults to recognize the signs and report suspected abuse to the authorities. Trafficked minors may display certain physical and behavioral red flags, including:

- Evidence of physical or sexual abuse
- Malnourishment, unaddressed health issues or other types of neglect
- Inappropriately close relationships with controlling adults
- Unwillingness to answer questions or letting others speak on their behalf
- Appearing reluctant to reveal their true identity or not in possession of their own identification
- Showing signs of living at a hotel or out of a suitcase or other signs of housing insecurity
- Tattoos of someone else's name or initials, bar codes or currency symbols

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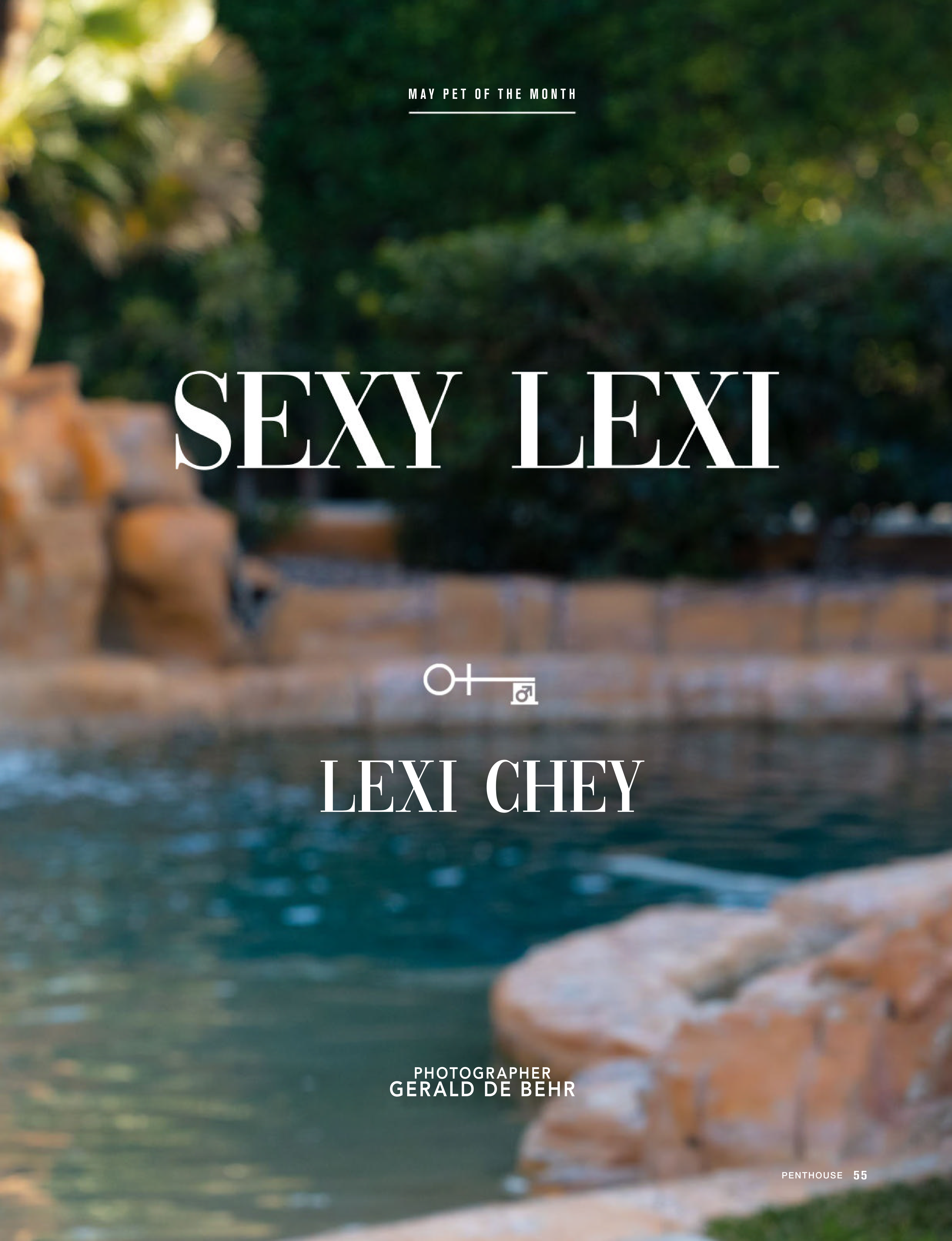

MAY PET OF THE MONTH

SEXY LEXI

LEXI CHEY

PHOTOGRAPHER
GERALD DE BEHR

LEXI CHEY

LOVELY Lexi Chey is the complete package—beautiful, dynamic and adventurous. Our May 2023 Pet of the Month is a bundle of energy who loves hiking and snowboarding. The onetime bartender has traded serving drinks for serving looks—and we couldn't be more thrilled with her decision. Lexi's personality truly shines when she's in front of the camera, and the sexy show-off confides, "I enjoy being the center of attention!"

While Lexi can appreciate a relaxing day by the pool with a martini, she's also happy to go cliff jumping or skydiving. She admits, "I crave adrenaline!" The hazel-eyed hottie also tells *Penthouse* it's long been her dream to be a pilot and she's starting flight school this year. We have no doubt she'll be a soaring success. But as far as we're concerned, Lexi is already a first-class babe!

Where is the most exciting place you've ever had sex?	On a mountaintop during a hike! But one day, I'd also like to have sex in a plane.
What's your favorite animal?	Dogs—10,000 percent! We don't deserve them. One of my favorite ways to relax is cuddling up with my huskies.
Where do you see yourself in five years?	Well-traveled and surrounded by love—and living my best, extra life!
What motivates you to work hard?	I'm naturally very ambitious, but I have a deep desire to spoil my loved ones.
What's your hidden talent?	Art! I showcased a piece I painted specifically for my *Penthouse* shoot!
What are you most proud of?	My big heart and my independence.
What gets you in trouble?	My flirtatious personality!

AGE: 30
HEIGHT: 5'8"
MEASUREMENTS: 32DD-26-34
HOMETOWN: Boulder, Colo.
TWITTER: @misslexichey
INSTAGRAM: @lexichey
WEBSITE: MissLexiChey.com

“I CRAVE ADRENALINE!”
– LEXI CHEY

Lexi Chey

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THE WAR OF WORDS

THE CONTENTIOUS MARSOC 3 CASE HIGHLIGHTS THE DIFFICULTIES FACED BY ACCUSED WARRIORS

BY JASPER CRAVEN

CREDIT: SHUTTERSTOCK

ON New Year's Eve 2019, Marine Gunnery Sergeants Daniel Draher and Joshua Negron, along with Navy Chief Petty Officer Eric Gilmet, left their covert training facility in Iraqi Kurdistan for a night of fun in Erbil, the region's capital.

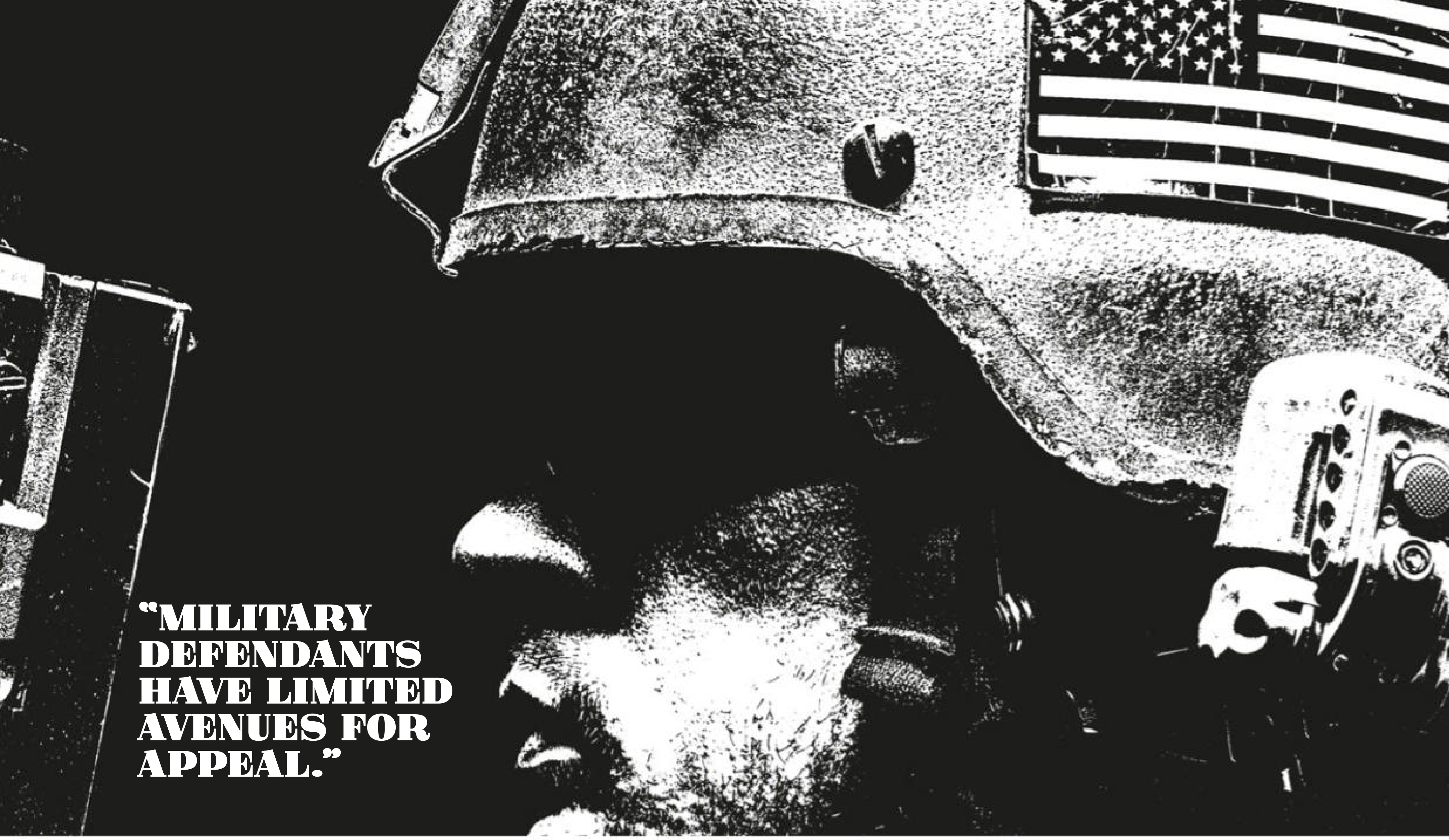
Erbil is a cosmopolitan dot in the desert, one that plies the region's richest citizens with champagne, steaks and bumping nightlife. Draher, Negron and Gilmet—members of 3rd Marine Raider Battalion, Marine Forces Special Operations Command (MARSOC)—went to dinner, where they talked about their upcoming deployment and training cycles. Then they headed to an expat friend's haunt, the T-Bar. The mood was celebratory, with streamers and balloons strewn around the tight space. Not long after ringing in the new year, the trio bear-hugged a few buddies and said their goodbyes.

As they neared the exit, Gilmet was confronted by Rick Rodriguez, a tipsy former Green Beret turned Lockheed Martin contractor, who allegedly felt frustrated after being looped out of on-base strategy sessions. Two bouncers noticed Rodriguez's outburst and quickly shuffled him and his crew of contractors out the door. They kept Gilmet and his buds in the bar for a few minutes, hoping they could discourage any sort of outside altercation.

But Rodriguez stuck around the parking lot. When he saw Rodriguez and his crew, Draher approached him slowly, his arms by his sides. He seemingly wanted to smooth things over, to start the new year on the right foot. Rodriguez did not. He hurled a torrent of swears at Draher, then lunged at him. Draher pushed Rodriguez back, but the beefy contractor returned with two right hooks that dropped Draher to the ground. This spurred a quick, violent scuffle during which Negron knocked Rodriquez unconscious with a single punch.

Rodriguez's nine companions abandoned him on the street. Gilmet, a Navy Hospital Corpsman, checked his vitals and found him to be stable. The trio lifted him into their truck, drove him to base and watched him overnight. Early the next morning, Rodriguez developed an irregular breathing pattern and was transferred to a medical facility. He ultimately spent four days in the hospital before being declared brain dead and removed from life support.

Draher, Negron and Gilmet were subsequently charged under the Uniform Code of Military Justice with involuntary manslaughter, negligent homicide, obstructing justice, dereliction of duty and violation of orders. The military contended the trio instigated the fight—and believed that Rodriguez suffered a traumatic brain injury from Negron's blow. The defense pointed to video evidence and first-person accounts to argue that Rodriquez was the belligerent force. They believe he died from complications of intoxication, a claim, they say, is evident from the vomit found in his esophagus during an autopsy.



“MILITARY DEFENDANTS HAVE LIMITED AVENUES FOR APPEAL.”

The tangled case of the so-called MARSOC 3 was championed by United American Patriots (UAP), a well-funded legal network stocked with some of the military’s most fearsome JAGs. Their extensive and sometimes notorious slate of clients and cases reveal many pitfalls in the military court system, which mimic the trappings of civilian courts but remain inherently arbitrary.

In contrast to civilian courts, military defendants can be convicted without the unanimous consent of a jury and have limited avenues for appeal. Many of the accused face no trial at all. Instead, they are processed by administrative boards with loose rules over evidence, testimony and the burden of proof.

Commanders control cases at nearly every turn, bringing charges, convening the court, rationing out each team’s legal resources, supervising prosecutors, and picking a jury. Juries are often unforgiving to the invisible wounds of war, act with prejudice, and protect their own. Fundamentally, the military court system is not designed to ensure justice, but to maintain “good order and discipline.” Sentencing practices are severe and clemency standards narrow.

The MARSOC 3 case perfectly demonstrated these issues. It has become clouded by allegations of racism and undue command influence, with evidence emerging of top brass pressuring subordinates not to assist or testify on behalf of the accused. Some of Gilmet’s charges were dropped after a judge ruled military prosecutors had explicitly threatened the careers of the lawyers defending the trio and pressured certain witnesses against testifying. The judge also found the government submitted false testimony.

UAP’s lawyers pointed to Draher, who is Black, as a symbol of the court’s racist bias and rigged practices, claiming specifically that a senior advisor to the court’s convening authority had a well-documented history of racism toward Marines of color.

Studies have shown shocking racial disparities inside the military justice system. The last man hung by the military was Black Army Pvt. John Bennett, who, in 1955, was charged with raping a girl while deployed in Austria. Bennett, 25, suffered from epilepsy and mental health issues, mitigating factors that were not considered in his swift trial.

The MARSOC case was led by gruff military defense attorney Phillip Stackhouse. His unyielding efforts to point out legal holes and prosecutorial misconduct were largely successful. The most serious charges against Negron and Draher, including homicide, were recently dismissed. (An appeals court will soon consider whether to reinstate some of Gilmet’s charges.) Stackhouse claimed that justice for these defendants was only obtained due to the case’s commanding general securing the proper expert witnesses and resources for the defense team, plus a fair jury. “That does not always happen,” he said. “So, [the judge] ensured a fair process.”

UAP is working to capitalize on public gratitude for service members to push for reforms and forgiveness inside this massive system which, since 9/11 alone, has handed down sentences to more than 1.3 million service members.

And yet some experts worry UAP is giving the reform movement a bad name, taking cover behind soldiers needing protection while pushing military courts to let alleged war criminals off the hook. The nonprofit’s most famous clients include Clint Lorance, Eddie Gallagher and Robert Bales—all figures credibly accused of slaughtering civilians in highly charged cases.

The organization is further accused of conflicts of interests and mismanagement. Critics have charged the nonprofit funnels funds for soldier defense to board members. Gallagher even sued UAP for an alleged “predatory money-making scheme,” claiming officials raised funds off his case but offered little legal assistance. Still, Negron recently made clear to *The Military Times* that his defense team was an invaluable force. “I’m not sure exactly what the next chapter of my life looks like,” he said. “But I am overall extremely grateful.”

Read more of Jasper Craven’s work at battleborne.substack.com.

CREDIT: SHUTTERSTOCK

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ON THE GRID

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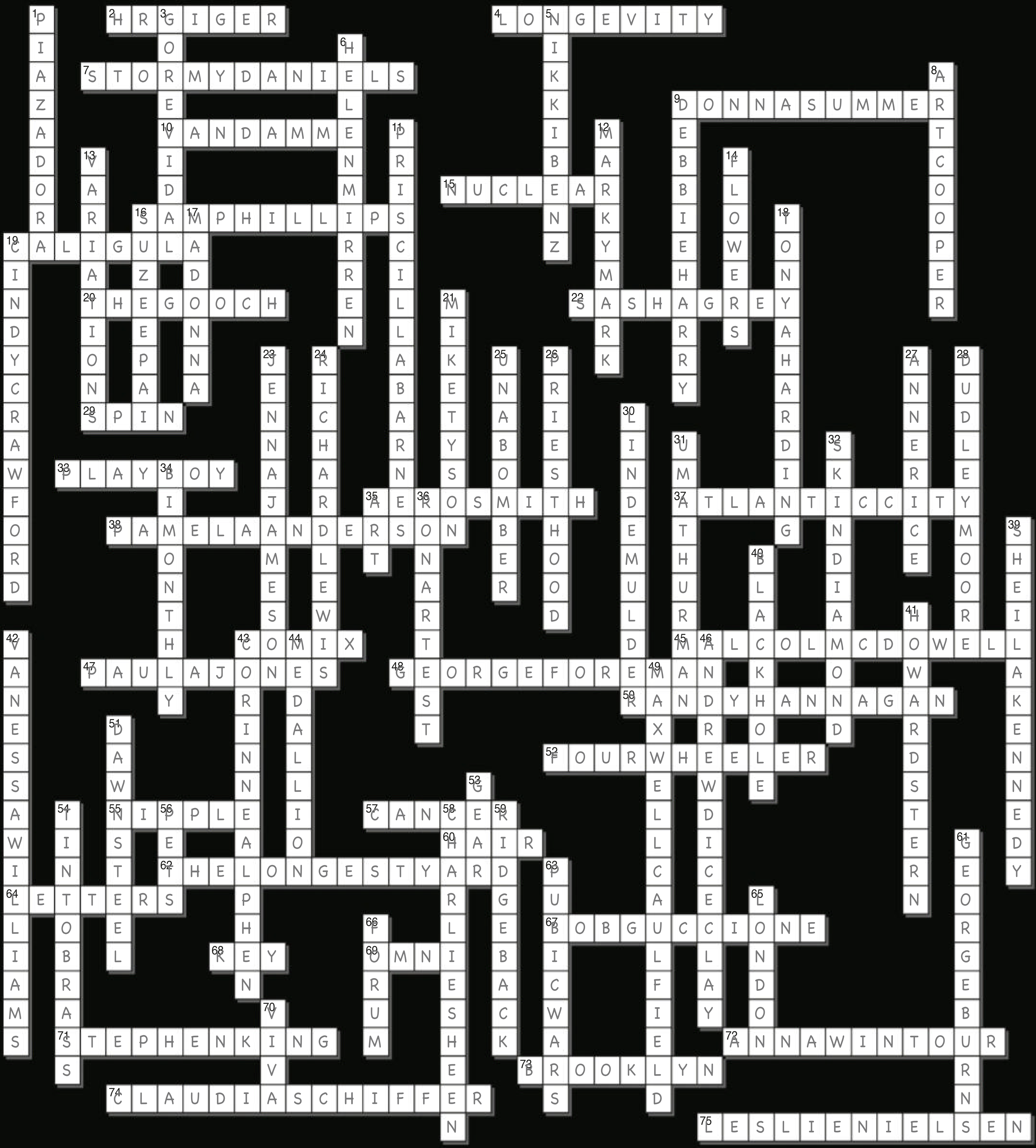
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2 HRGIGER
3 GOREVIDAL
4 LONGEVITY
5 NIKKIBENZ
6 HELENMIRREN
7 STORMYDANIELS
8 ARTCOOPER
9 DONNASUMMER
9 DEBBIEHARRY
10 VANDAMME
11 PRISCILLABARNES
12 MARKYMARK
13 VARIATIONS
14 FLOWERS
15 NUCLEAR
16 SAMPHILLIPS
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75 LESLIENIELSEN

JUNE PET OF THE MONTH

NAILED IT

ALICE IRVING

PHOTOGRAPHER
GERALD DE BEHR

“I LOVE TO GET MY MIND AND HANDS DIRTY.” – ALICE IRVING

ALICE IRVING

SOPHISTICATED Alice Irving hails from the Great White North—but this French-Canadian cutie is a woman of the world. Our June 2023 Pet of the Month is an avid traveler who speaks French, Spanish, English and Mandarin, but she's also fluent in the language of love. The beautiful blonde purrs, "The art of seduction and the art of conversation are two underrated skills in today's society."

The gorgeous gourmet has an appetite for the finer things in life—and craves a partner who shares her taste for new experiences. The petite pinup also admits to having an obsession with her personal evolution as she strives to be the best version of herself she can be. But from our vantage point, Alice is already the epitome of perfection!

What do you sleep in?
I love to sleep in silk. Silk sheets, silk pajamas and a silk eye mask.

What's your secret skill?
I'm very intuitive. I'm very sensitive to my environment. I can sense people's interests and feelings, and that helps me be an excellent judge of character. I can see things coming from a mile away. I know when people are lying or telling the truth.

What's the most daring thing you've ever done?
I have now visited about 50 countries by myself. I have always been curious and adventurous. I'm very grateful I was able to experience so much of what this world has to offer. Do not let fear stop you from having amazing experiences!

Name something you'd like to do in the future.
I would like to train for and complete a triathlon. I'd also like to be able to live off the land and be completely self-sustainable.

Do you collect anything?
Men. The only thing I collect is men. Ha!

AGE: 25
HEIGHT: 5'2"
MEASUREMENTS: 34DD-26-34
NATIVE COUNTRY: Canada
TWITTER & INSTAGRAM: @thealiceirving

Alice
Irving

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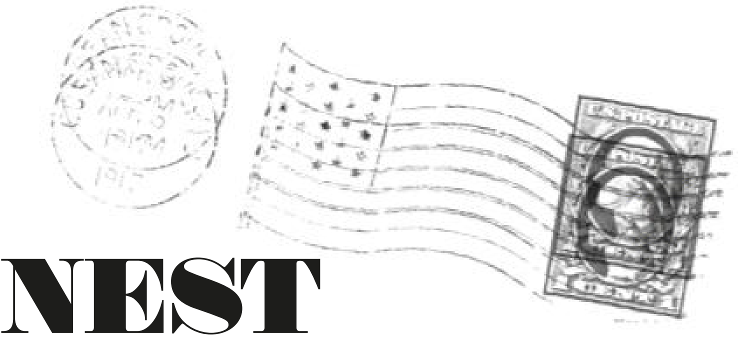


FORUM'S FINEST

THE BEST LETTER FROM EVERYTHING SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

COUGAR CONQUEST

SOME friends you seem to compete with all the time—even if you're tight. That was the case with Sharona and me.

We'd met in college, right around the time I'd been thinking of dropping out. I ran into her one night at a party. We started talking and turned out to have a lot in common—favorite sports teams, similar tastes in books, crushes on the same music idols.

We were also both eyeing the same guy at the party, though neither of us had yet made a move for him. He was nicely built, wore eyeglasses and a T-shirt with the face of an alien from a TV show on it. He had a shy air about him.

"I like the geeky types, too," Sharona said when she caught me gazing longingly at him.

"Yeah, I'd like to get naked with him and talk about science fiction," I joked.

"I bet I can get him to come back to my dorm with me in 30 seconds," she whispered.

Her self-assurance annoyed me, and I said, "Well, sure. Go up to him—or any dude—and say 'Let's go fuck.' That'll get the reaction you're after."

She shook her head and told me, "We'll approach him together. I won't say anything explicitly sexual. If he doesn't respond in those 30 seconds, you take a crack at him. The loser buys the winner a burger tomorrow night."

It seemed a crazy proposition, but I was already liking this woman. We went over to the hot geekboy. Sharona gave him a disarmingly friendly line of patter, without saying anything outright lascivious. And lo and behold, before 30 seconds were up, he shyly but eagerly asked if she'd like to go somewhere private with him.

I gaped at them as they left the party together. The next day I bought Sharona a burger at a diner just off campus. She smugly recounted the fun she'd had the night before and posed, "Ever notice geeks have the biggest cocks?"

I let her boast, but she could see something else was troubling me. When she asked, I said, "I'm thinking of dropping out."

She got serious then, and we ended up talking for an hour. Sharona's concern wasn't fake. I found myself telling her my deepest doubts and fears. She gently talked me through it all, encouraging me not to give up. She said it was obvious I was an intelligent woman with a lot going for me.

Reaching across the table, she brushed my cheek with her fingers as she said, "I think you should stick it out. Besides, we can each try to be better than the other—in grades, in guys, in everything!"

Somehow that did the trick. I did stay in school, and God, did we try to one-up each other—in everything, just like she'd suggested. She motivated the hell out of me. I excelled in my courses, but so, of course, did Sharona. We were outstanding students. We were also cock-hungry hellcats, bedding a swath of the male student body. I doubted I would have fucked half that many if I hadn't been in competition with her the whole time.

Both of us graduated with honors, and then it was time to start our true adult lives. Naturally, we stayed friends, but we stayed competitors, too. We each tried to land a better job than the other, though both of us fortunately ended up with comparable positions in companies of similar prestige. Even so, we compared salaries and strove to get higher bonuses than the other.

When it came to marriage, did our competitive natures pause? They did not, though again I'm glad to say we both landed good husbands. I married Garrett, and two months later Sharona got hitched to Burt. The men became friends, playing sports together and going fishing.

It was wonderfully domestic. Sharona and I were both successes, by anybody's measure. Often we would get together, pour some wine and reminisce about wilder days. Our sexual competition was over. Garrett and Burt were both marvelous lovers. I was certainly satisfied with my husband.

But one evening as Sharona and I sipped vino on her deck, she got a far-off look in her pretty eyes. When I asked what was up, she said, "I was just thinking about Brendan. Remember? He was at Burt's last grill-a-thon."

I remembered the barbecue. I remembered Brendan, too, though I'd tried to put him out of my mind. He had a kind of ethereal handsomeness about him. It wasn't anything I could pin down, just how he moved and spoke—so at ease, exuding a sort of romantic heat.

He was like some fairy-tale prince. I had spoken with him only briefly, but in that time a fierce desire had taken hold of me. My nipples had stiffened, and my pussy had gone damp. I'd maintained my composure somehow, nodding and smiling when all the while I had wanted to drag him off and jump his bones.

I realized Sharona was peering at me when she said, "Oh, you've got the hots for him, too!"

I blushed, guzzled some wine and then said, "I'm married, Sharona."

"Gee, Rebecca, so am I." A mischievous smile curled her lips. "What if we both tried to get him into bed? Loser buys the burger."

It was our old bet. I laughed as I protested, running through a litany of reasons why we should remain faithful to our wonderful husbands. But images of Brendan kept intruding on my mind as I spoke. Soon, those became the fantasies I'd tortured myself with since meeting him—my lips on his; my hands skimming his body, taking hold of his hard cock and pumping him; sucking him; climbing onto him and—well, you know.

I'd stopped talking. Sharona had moved closer and taken my hand as she said, "Think of all the times Garrett and Burt have gone off without us. You never thought maybe they were doing something"—she paused searching for the words—"outside matrimonial lines?"

The notion hadn't occurred to me consciously. But now that Sharona had voiced it, I realized I'd been nursing that suspicion for a while. Strangely, the idea didn't infuriate me. I recalled Garrett once saying a little fooling around on the side didn't really mean anything. It's all just harmless fun. I think that was his way of giving me permission

"God," I murmured. "I'm already justifying this thing in my head."

Sharona grinned, her hand tightening on mine as she asked, "You're in, then?"

Somehow I was nodding. To finalize my commitment, I said a firm: "Yes."

It took a little sleuthing to track down Brendan. He'd been the friend of an invited guest at the barbecue. Sharona found out he worked at a bar downtown. We decided we would go there together, make our pitches to him with the other present, and see what happened. It was like the old days!

When I caught sight of Brendan behind the bar, my pussy went into that same ready overdrive as before. Sharona held my hand, and we walked up and sat. Brendan came over and smiled that effortlessly seductive smile he'd sported at the party. Suddenly, his eyes lit up as he said, "Hey, I know you two."

I was more than flattered that he remembered me, and I was sure Sharona felt the same way. We ordered, and Brendan neatly concocted our cocktails. When he set Sharona's down, she touched his wrist, giving him a sultry look as she said, "It's really lovely to see you again."

Not to be outdone, I reached over the bar and stroked his other forearm. When he turned his surprised gaze on me, I ran my tongue across my upper lip.

I could tell Brendan's interest was piqued. But he was working, and the bar was fairly busy. He didn't have time to respond. After a few minutes, though, he came back to us and said, "I get out of here in a half hour." I couldn't figure out which one of us he seemed to be propositioning.

Nonetheless excitement tingled in me. Sharona fidgeted on her stool; her face was flushed. Later, Brendan came out from behind the bar in his jacket, nodded toward the door and said, "Let's go."

We both followed him, still unsure who was being chosen. Brendan continued to walk ahead of us, apparently heading for his vehicle as he said, "We'll go to my place."

When he unlocked his car, Sharona—always just a bit bolder than me—pulled open a door and hopped in. Initially, I was annoyed, but as Brendan stood there, I realized I was supposed to get in, too. So I did.

He had a nice apartment. He took our coats and hung them up. Without a word, he leaned toward me, and I met his lips. His kiss was soft but insistent—and seemed to promise so much.

When he broke our lip-lock to kiss Sharona, I gasped almost inaudibly. I understood what was happening, and so did she. She flashed me an astonished look as Brendan led us both to his bedroom. We weren't competing for him. We were both going to have him!

"She sucked his cock clean, sounding as if she was savoring the flavor I'd left behind."

The idea thrilled me. Even though it involved my dearest friend—and we were both cheating on our husbands—raw primal exhilaration swept over me. My skin tingled, and my pussy juices flowed.

Brendan unbuttoned his shirt leisurely before tossing it aside. Everything he did seemed casual and unhurried. But he didn't radiate any off-putting arrogance. He appeared simply to be basking in the moment, while Sharona and I basked in his irresistible presence. We both moved toward him and caressed his muscular torso. He dropped his pants and kicked them away. His cock stood out, firm and proud—and so totally tempting.

Sharona and I reached for it at the same time, then laughed at each other. There would be no ill feelings between us. It all felt right, as crazy as it obviously was. Sharona wrapped her fingers around the base of his shaft. I took him around the top, sliding my thumb over his cockhead and tracing its fleshy contours.

It occurred to both of us that we were seriously overdressed. In a flurry we stripped, the three of us finally standing naked. Sharona and I pressed against either side of Brendan's strapping body. He swept his arms around us and backed us all onto his expansive bed.

Instinctively, I threw my leg over Brendan's muscular thigh and rubbed my wet cleft on him. Sharona draped herself across his chest and mashed her mouth hard on his. She started jerking his cock. I shifted my hand to cup his balls, liking the way his warm nutsac stirred under my gentle touch. There had been times when I'd made Garrett come just by fondling his balls.

But my husband was distant in my thoughts. In fact, my thoughts were all scrambled, sent into a riot by the wondrously sensual scene in which I found myself. Brendan was caressing Sharona's full breasts. I ground myself harder on his leg. I eyed his cock with my mouth watering.

Finally, I couldn't wait any longer. While Sharona and Brendan continued their wild tongue-dance, I shifted lower on the bed and wrapped my lips around his swollen cockhead. Sharona delivered a few more jerks on his staff, then let me have free rein. I appreciated the consideration.

I swirled my tongue over his thick knob. The taste and texture of him further enflamed my already overstimulated senses. I cinched my lips tighter and descended his dick. Down and down I went, until I reached his balls, which I continued to caress aggressively.

Brendan let out a groan. I lifted my mouth and dropped it again. His flavor was on my tongue, and I drew in the scent of him. His hand fell onto the back of my neck, and as I bobbed on him, he pushed me gently, encouraging me—like I needed it—so that I gradually sucked him faster.

His hips pumped, rocking the mattress. He let out a happy moan once more, only this time it was muffled. As my head rose, I looked up his body and saw Sharona had straddled his face. His mouth was busy with her pussy. She faced away from me, so I could see the flex of her sweet ass as she rode him.

I sucked him all the harder. Soon Sharona was emitting a series of high-pitched cries. They kept rising until her howl of satisfaction tore through the bedroom. I came up for air and watched her dismount Brendan's face. She looked dazed, and his chin and lips were smeared with her juices.

She'd gotten the first orgasm. That was OK. I felt I'd laid some serious claim to first ride on his cock. I asserted this right by climbing deftly atop him and lowering myself onto his spit-slickened shaft. He felt so good sliding inside me. Pleasure shot through me, crackling out to the very tips of my fingers. I set my hands on his torso and worked my hips. I rode up and down on his generous cock. Brendan, for his part, met my downward plunges with forceful upthrusts. He played with my tits, and I gasped as he tweaked my sensitive nipples.

I bounced on him harder and faster. Sharona knelt alongside us, watching intently with her wet lips curved in a heated grin. We had a long colorful history, she and I, but we'd never gotten into a three-way situation like this before.

I don't know if it was Sharona watching us so avidly or just the skilled cock-work of our lover, but before I knew it, a wicked climax was tearing through me. I shivered and trembled and cried out as bliss lit up every part of me.

When I climbed off him, I expected Sharona to hop on for her turn. Brendan hadn't come yet, and his dick was still savagely erect. But she surprised me by scrabbling forward and dropping her mouth onto his twitching cock, which was thoroughly coated with my pussy juice.

She sucked his cock clean, sounding as if she was savoring the flavor I'd left behind. She was tasting me! The idea turned me on like hell, so much so that when she finally got onto his cock and starting bucking on him, I watched and fingered my pussy. I'd never touched myself in Sharona's presence before. But now I was shamelessly masturbating, while she and Brendan fucked beside me on the bed.

Sharona rode his cock harder than she had his face. Brendan kept up those helpful upward thrusts. She seemed to be taking her time working herself up to a second climax. Finally, he paused the proceedings to shift her around. He coaxed her onto her hands and knees—it didn't take much coaxing, to be honest—and moved in behind her to fuck her doggy-style.

Again I watched eagerly, working two fingers in and out of my gushing pussy. Brendan started to pound her, and their bodies slapped together loudly. His balls spanked her clit, and Sharona's face was etched with overwhelming ecstasy.

She looked over at me, and when she realized I was playing with myself, she cried out, "Oh yeah, work that sweet cunt!"

I loved her dirty talk. I tickled my throbbing clit and drilled myself harder as I felt my second orgasm gathering strength.

Brendan had been a model of stamina the whole time. Other guys would have helplessly shot off some time ago. But there was only so much restraint one could expect out of any human body. He was slamming Sharona from behind now, fucking her in a frenzy.

She beat him to the orgasmic finish line, however. I saw the climactic shudder go through her. She shouted out more obscenities, looking so sexy and beautiful. Her body shook, and I could see she was about to collapse onto the bed. As she pitched forward, she came unceremoniously disconnected from Brendan's cock. His rod was suddenly bobbing in the air, dripping with pussy juice. I dove in resolutely and caught him with my mouth. I swallowed his shaft as he released a cry and shot his spunk across my tongue.

His hot jizz flooded my mouth, and his sharp, salty flavor filled my senses. I drank down his slippery load. I also got a lovely taste of Sharona's juices, which mixed so delectably with Brendan's cream.

After he'd unloaded his last spurt, he sat back on his haunches with a dazed but happy look on his handsome face. Sharona moved next to me, wrapping an arm around my shoulders. We watched together as Brendan lay back, overcome by sweet fatigue. I didn't begrudge him his rest. He'd earned it, but I had the feeling he would recover quickly.

Sharona whispered, "How does his come taste?"

For once, I was slightly bolder. I put my mouth to hers and let her find out about his taste herself. Our tongues moved languidly together. Our kiss deepened, our arms going tight around each other. As we knelt on the mattress, she pressed her naked body to mine, and I held her close. Our breasts mashed together, and I pushed my pussy mound against hers.

We lay down, side by side, still kissing. Our hands moved over one another, exploring and caressing. Her skin was so smooth. I loved this woman. I'd loved her for years, as a confidant, as a dear friend—even as a worthy competitor. But in that quiet, miraculous moment, she was becoming my lover.

Our fingers toyed with one another's stiff nipples. We ground our bodies together, each delighting in the other's strangeness and familiarity. How had we not done this before? But I didn't feel we'd wasted any years. It was the right time for us, even having just shared a male lover—who at that point was asleep, curled up beside us on his big bed.

Our excitement grew. It became a lovely sexual fury. We fingered each other, then followed our instincts into newfound carnal territory. We arranged ourselves into a hasty 69. How perfectly we fit together. How right it all felt!

I ate her pussy zestily, and she licked me and delved her tongue into me with equal gusto. When we finally came together, we were like one body, one being, rocking there as one next to our somnolent lover.

—R. Haack

Have you had a hot hookup with a sexy stranger? Why not share the torrid tale with your fellow readers? Mail your story to Penthouse, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.

EROTIC FICTION

APPROVED

PENTHOUSE FORUM

A DIRTY-MINDED WOMAN PAYS LIP SERVICE TO HER HUNKY BOSS

MAD SKILLS

I love sucking dick. Holding a man's erection in my mouth makes me feel so powerful, like a veritable goddess.

When I met my new boss, my brain instantly concocted visions of me licking his shaft like a lollipop. I wondered if his dick would be long and thick, or if it would have a little curve to make it easily slide right down my throat.

Of course, I couldn't jump Luke's bones right away, but the thought was certainly at the top of my mind. It didn't help that he's a man who appreciates a bespoke wardrobe. Every one of his suits is expertly tailored to highlight his best features, including his hefty package. More than once, he'd sidled up next to me to review a document as I sat at my desk, placing his extremely impressive bulge at my eye level.

One day, we were alone in his office reviewing a pitch I would later be presenting to investors. After I finished my speech, a slow smile illuminated his chiseled features.

"You have the best oral skills of anyone in this office, Alisha," he said.

I nearly choked. Though I pride myself on my professionalism, the comment just could not be left alone.

Choosing my words carefully, I replied, "I'd be happy to further demonstrate my skills."

I lowered my gaze—making it clear I was focused on his crotch—before adding, "Anytime."

That's when his smile became more of a smirk.

"Is that so?" Luke replied.

My boss leaned back in his cushy leather chair, opened his arms wide and said, "I'm free right now."

He nodded toward the glass wall that separates his office from the rest of the floor and said, "I'll close the curtains. We don't want anyone to interrupt your demonstration."

He flicked a switch to unfurl the curtains, which fully covered the soundproof partition, then he slammed a finger on his phone's intercom button and told his assistant, "Mateo, hold my calls."

With the curtains hiding us from prying eyes and potential disturbances headed off, Luke rolled his chair back from his desk and said, "Let's see what you've got."

> **"My mouth was watering for his dick as I prepared to stoke the flames of his desire."**

Excitement fluttered in my belly. I did not expect to get what I'd wanted so easily! Truly, it was my time to shine, and I was determined to demonstrate my oral prowess.

Though I tried to project an air of confidence as I walked toward Luke, my heart was pounding in my chest. I'd daydreamed about such a moment a thousand times, and it was finally happening!

As I stood before Luke, his legs were spread wide, leaving plenty of space for me to settle between his thighs. He gestured to his lap and said, "Please, show me what you can do."

His words were meant to goad me, but I felt all of my anxiety evaporate as they fell from his lips.

I give great head. There's no way my boss could ever be disappointed in my skills. But I found myself in the mood to tease him, just a little. Rather than sink to my knees before him, I hopped up on his desk and crossed my legs. I arranged myself to ensure he got a lovely glimpse of my well-toned thighs as my skirt rode up.

I reached across to the cute "No. 1 Dad" mug sitting by his monitor and pulled a pen from it.

Did I mention Luke is married? He has a cozy house in the suburbs with a perfect wife and two adorable little kids—and I was going to rock his fucking world anyway.

I could tell the suspense was getting to Luke, so I really hammed it up. I tossed back my long hair, then I wound it into a messy bun at the top of my head and used his fancy pen to secure it.

"Don't worry, Mr. Boss Man," I said with a wink. "This is a part of the process."

With my hair out of the way, I was ready to get down to business. I leaned forward a little more than necessary as I hopped down from the desk. Luke's eyes were firmly fixed on the upper swells of my tits, which were beautifully showcased by the low-cut neckline of my blouse.

By the time I actually got on my knees in front of him, the bulge in his pants had swelled to an impressive size. His erection tented the expensive fabric of his too tight slacks as it practically screamed to be set free.

Lucky for Luke, I was all too happy to perform a jailbreak that day. My mouth was watering for his dick as I prepared to stoke the flames of his desire.

My hand hovered over the zipper on his pants. I was curious to lay eyes on the cock I'd been fantasizing about for months. But I instead held his gaze as I opened his pants. I wasn't disappointed by my choice. He regarded me with a level of reverence I hadn't ever before experienced. On his face, I saw a mixture of attraction, anticipation and awe. His expression made me feel invincible.

After I pulled down his zipper, Luke's dick practically did the rest of the work for me. It seemed to spring forward, forcing its way through his fly and almost tapping me on my nose. He wore no underwear, and I swept my eyes over his exposed shaft. My vision eagerly took in every inch of him from the base to the tip, and there were a lot of inches. Luke's erection was long, thick and straight. A pulsing vein bisected the underside of his dick, like a lovely roadmap showing me exactly where to trail my tongue.

I sighed appreciatively. I'd imagined Luke would be very well endowed, but dreaming and knowing are two entirely separate things. My mouth watered even more for him, and I knew it was finally time to take a taste.

I began with a long, languid lick. But I didn't start at the base or the tip of his peen. Instead, I trailed my tongue along the center of his ball sac. The dusting of hair there tickled my tongue, and his nuts grew taut. He was already beyond excited.

From there, I moved on to his admirable cock. I ran my tongue up his ramrod stiff shaft. I loved the contrast of his silky-soft skin with his rock-hard erection. When my tongue reached his crown, I lapped all around his dome. I even saturated the tip of it with my spit, so it slid easily in and out of the snug circle of my lips.

As I blew him, my throat gradually opened more and more, allowing me to swallow him further. With each downstroke, his mushroom-shaped cap sank deeper into my gullet. As the seconds passed, I became hungrier for his come. I fucking craved his cream, and I knew exactly how to get it. I slipped a hand beneath his balls and pressed my knuckles to his taint. I massaged the delicate area until his hips bucked and jammed his cock upward.

"Mmmmm," I hummed.

It was more than an expression of satisfaction. Every man I'd ever blown has gone wild with a bit of vibration. Toys work, too, but there's nothing quite like a warm, wet mouth to add a pleasant buzz to a blowjob.

When Luke's ass lifted off the chair, I knew it was time to take advantage of his position. I slid my hand toward his asscrack and sought out his puckered hole. After a few brushes of my fingertips to test the waters, I could tell that Luke was open to butt play, so I wriggled a single finger inside him.

"Holy shit!" he hissed.

"I relaxed my throat as much as possible and readied myself to accept his cream."

Luke combed his fingers through my hair and knocked out the pen keeping my bun in place. As it clattered to the floor, I felt my unruly locks cascade over my shoulders. But his hands were doing a fine job of keeping my curls from getting in the way of my work. He wound my tresses around one of his fists, tugging lightly and causing a pleasant tingle in my scalp.

His actions affirmed I was sucking him right, so I forged ahead and trusted Luke's body language would continue to direct me.

Once my finger was seated firmly inside Luke's asshole, I gave it a little wiggle. He really went wild, his grip on my hair growing tighter and his movements becoming erratic. He held on to my locks like they were reins, guiding my movements.

At that point, I was no longer controlling the action. Luke was rocking his hips and masterfully monitoring our rhythm. That allowed me to wholly focus on his tool. I hummed again, harder this time. I was determined to add another luxurious layer of sensation to his experience. Since Luke was running the show, my other hand was free to cup his sac.

Meanwhile, the finger slithering inside Luke's asshole really had him reeling. His hips hitched while he uttered a string of nonsense words. He was clearly unable to form a complete sentence. It was just what I wanted.

By that point, I was stroking Luke's balls and finger-fucking his ass as he furiously pumped his cock into my mouth. My eyes watered as I worked, but I didn't give a fuck. Honestly, I loved the reminder that my mouth and throat were vessels of pleasure for my big, burly boss.

When Luke's movements grew jerky, I knew he was about to burst. I relaxed my throat as much as possible and readied myself to accept his cream. As he unloaded, his jizz nearly overflowed from the corners of my lips, but I was determined not to waste a bit of it. I sucked it all down, making certain I'd drawn out every last dollop.

I pulled back and flashed Luke a dazzling smile. He was struggling to talk, but I wasn't bothered. His satisfied face spoke volumes.

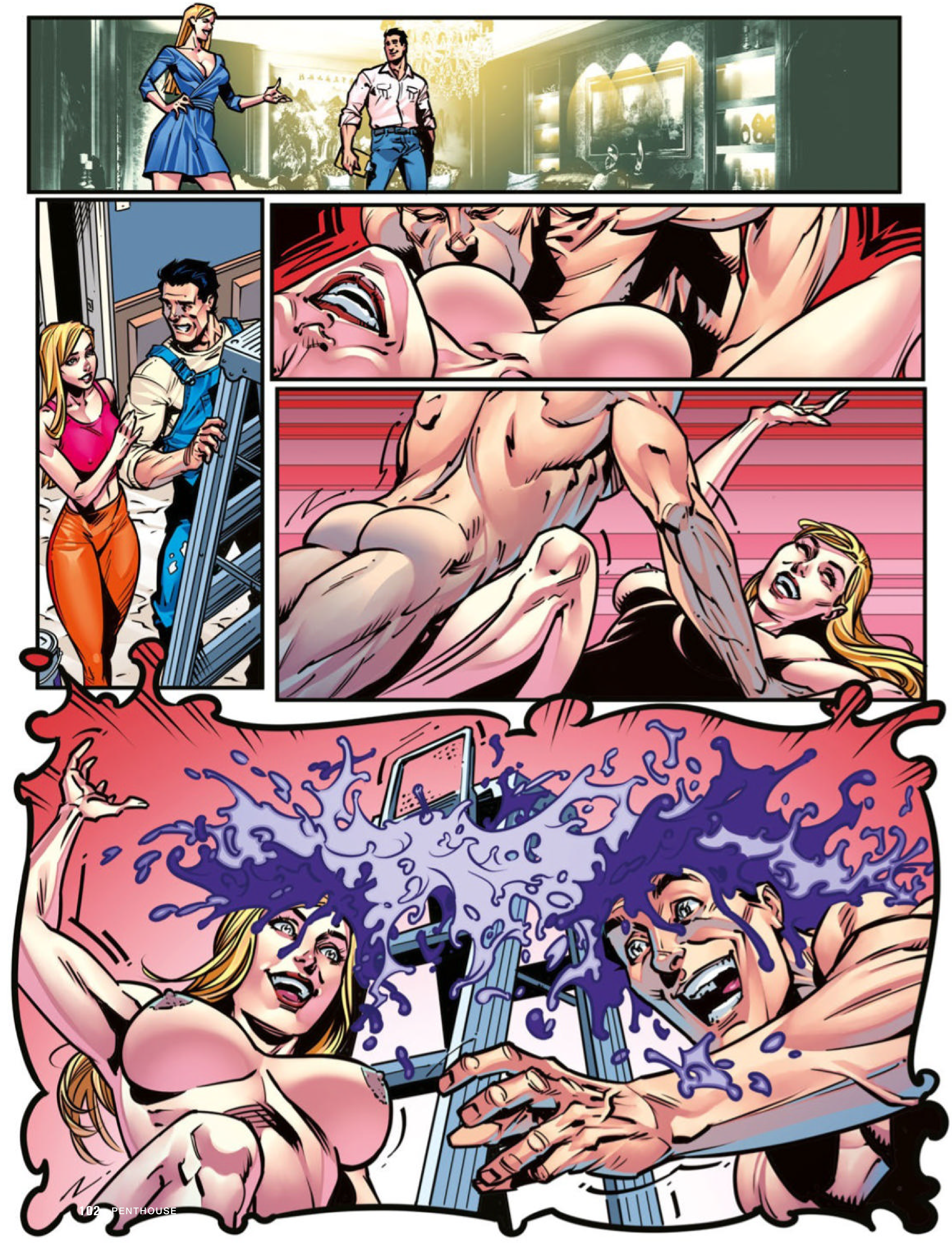
I stood and smoothed my rumpled clothes and messy hair, then I spun on my heel and headed straight for the door.

"Let me know if there's anything more you need," I said over my shoulder.

I knew it wouldn't be long before Luke called me back to his office, and I would be ready when he did.

—A.P., New York, N.Y.

The encounter you've always dreamed about could happen anytime. When it does, jump on it! And after you've jumped, tell us about it! Mail your story to Penthouse, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.



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REJECT

PENTHOUSE FORUM

THE DEPARTMENT THAT SHOWCASES THE BEST OF THE WORST LETTERS SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

A BRUSH WITH ECSTASY

LATELY, I've been working as a handyman. For the most part, I've been house-painting. I'd done a few jobs in the neighborhood, and people recommended me to their friends. Before I knew it, business was booming.

Recently, I got a call from a woman who asked me to come by and give her an estimate. Given her husky voice—and self-assured tone—I pegged her as an old dame. Her address was in a ritzy part of town, so I also assumed she was a wealthy socialite using her husband's bottomless bank account to renovate.

I was only right about the rich part. She was young and hot—and the cash was all hers.

Melody was in her early 30s. She was blonde, busty and single. Her house was huge. Not quite a mansion, but it was definitely a pricey property. She told me she'd dropped out of the rat race, cashed in her stock options and bought that big ole house by herself. She'd recently moved in and couldn't stand looking at its plain white walls.

"I'm a colorful person," she quipped.

That was obvious. Sparkling personality aside, Melody was wearing a dark blue dress that matched her intense eyes. It also revealed her impressive cleavage. When she shifted slightly, I caught a glimpse of her golden bra strap. When I wasn't ogling her rack, my eyes were focused on her full lips, which were slickened with ruby red gloss.

After having a look around, I gave her a number which I'd thought was on the high end, but she didn't even blink. So, we talked about hues and schedules and nailed down a start date.

I casually mentioned that was the quickest consult I'd ever done, and she flirtatiously said, "I'm fast—and easy."

My cock stiffened in two seconds flat. I wondered if I misconstrued her tone, but the way she winked told me I wasn't imagining her interest. Melody clearly had the hots for me. But I wasn't about to risk a good-paying gig. I decided to complete the job and then ask her out.

A few days later, I showed up at Melody's place, laden down with equipment and cans of paint in her requested shades. She opened the door as soon as I rang the bell, and the sight of her made my balls ache.

She was wearing a hot pink sports bra and neon orange leggings. The clothes hid nothing and highlighted her phenomenal curves. Her face and chest glistened with a light sheen of sweat.

"I just finished my workout," she chirped.

"Uh-huh," I answered, rendered mute by the sight of her barely contained cans.

As I was setting up in the first room, she popped her head in and asked if she could watch me work. I told her I liked having company. That wasn't entirely true. I liked having *her* company.

Long story short, Melody flirted with me hard as I laid down tarp, taped molding and poured paint into a tray. I'd yet to dip a brush and was instead preoccupied with thoughts of dipping my dick into her snatch!

I was about to climb up the ladder again when she asked, "Is this sturdy enough? Is it safe?" She had one hand on the ladder and placed the other on my arm. The ladder was plenty sturdy; I was the one feeling shaky.

Without warning, Melody leaned forward and kissed me. She hugged me tight and ground her lush body against my paint-stained coveralls, and my cock instantly went ramrod stiff.

"You don't mind, do you?" she asked, her voice breathy and her face flushed.

"Hell no," I told her.

I was super happy when I realized her sports bra had hooks in the front. No need to wrestle her out of tight spandex. In a mad haste, we stripped and were writhing against each other on the floor. As our tongues tangled, I fingered her slippery pussy and she mewled like a cat. I rubbed her clit and sucked on her erect nipples, continuing to feast on her tits as she shuddered in orgasm.

"Fuck me, baby," she pleaded. "I want your cock!"

My dick sank into her like a hot knife going through butter. I pounded away like a madman as she screeched and flailed. She was the most passionate chick I'd ever boned. Unfortunately, one of her waving arms hit the ladder, and before I could get off, the tray tipped and purple paint splashed all over us.

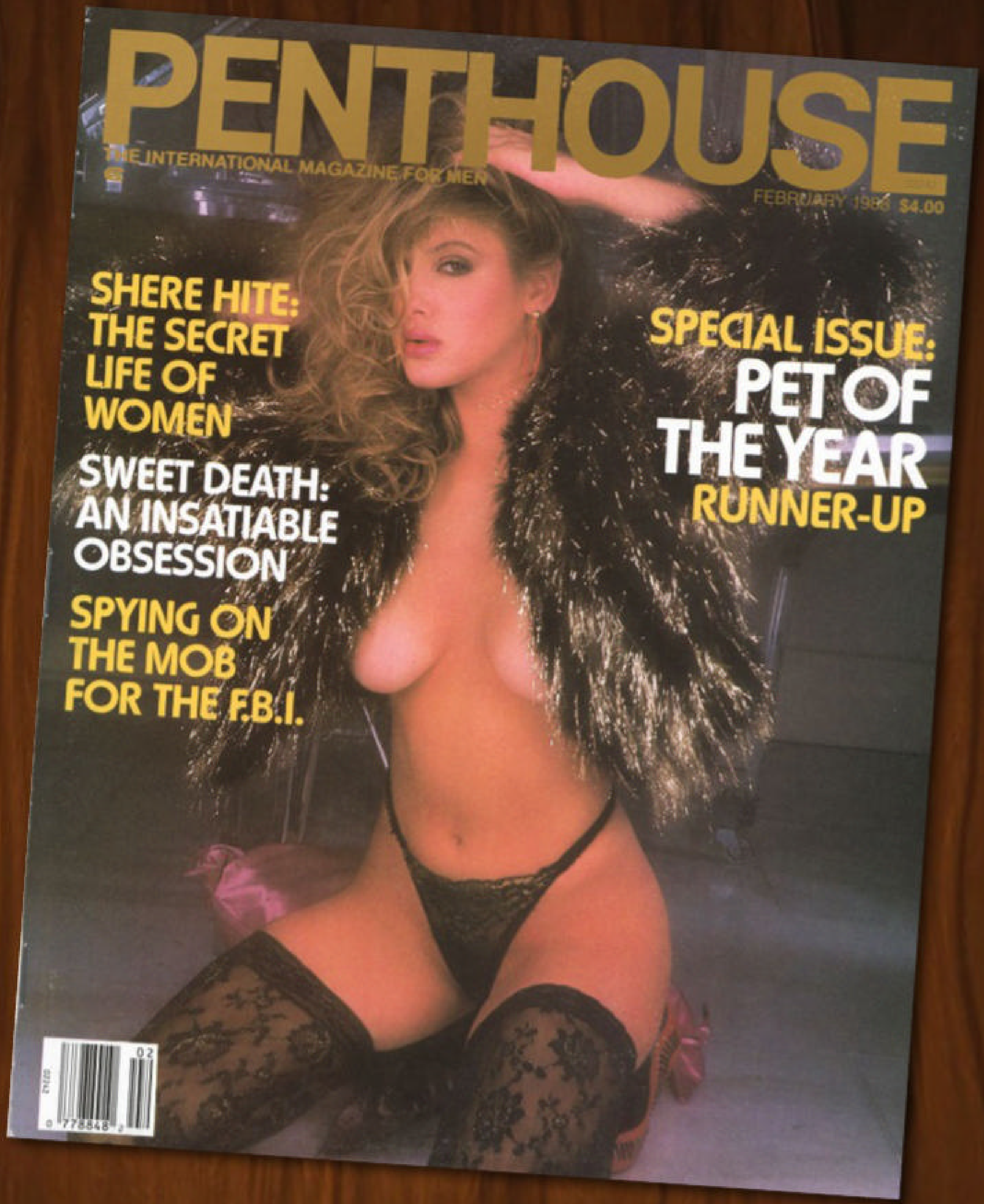
She laughed hysterically after she got over the shock, and her giggles were infectious. We cleaned up in the shower together. I'm happy to say that my life is a lot more colorful now because Melody is in it—as my girlfriend.

—S.D., Hartford, Conn.

FLASHBACK

KRISTA PFLANZER

PET OF THE YEAR
RUNNER-UP
FEBRUARY 1988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